

FAIRY'S ALBUM



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CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED,
LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK

A decorative border with a repeating floral motif surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Christine
from Annie

Dec 25 1892



FAIRY'S ALBUM

With Rhymes of Fairyland.



CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED :

London, Paris & New York





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FAIRY'S ALBUM.



THIS IS FAIRY'S ALBUM.

This is Fairy, bright as
Spring,
Loving every living thing
With a love so sweet and
true,
That all creatures love her
too!

This is Fairy, bright as
Spring,
IN FAIRY'S ALBUM.



This is Fairy, wondrous wise,
Sunshine laughing in her
eyes,

Who will prattle on for hours
To the brooks and trees and
flowers,

To the birds and butterflies,
To all creatures 'neath the
skies,

Understanding all they say
In a curious sort of way!

This is Fairy, wondrous wise,
IN FAIRY'S ALBUM.

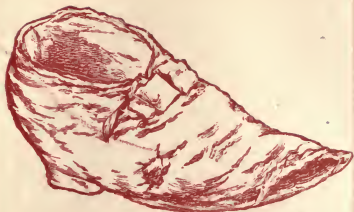


This is Fairy Fanciful,
Never moping, never dull,
For her mind is amply stored
With an overflowing hoard
Of the tales of fairy times,
And of quaint old nursery
rhymes,
So that she can always find
Good companions when in-
clined!

This is Fairy Fanciful,
IN FAIRY'S ALBUM.

THE OLD WOMAN WHO
LIVED IN A SHOE.

This is a rhyme
Of ancient time
Of a certain old woman who
lived in a shoe,
And had so many children she
didn't know what to do :
Fairy knows her, and says
it's true.



This is the shoe.
And this is the dame
Without a name,
WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.



These are the children, quite
a score—

Perhaps one less, perhaps
one more—

Who worried the dame with-
out a name,

WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.



This is the broth so weak
and thin,

With never a bit of bread
therein,

Made for the children, quite
a score—

Perhaps one less, perhaps
one more—

Who worried the dame with-
out a name,

WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.





This is the stick so long and
thick,
That followed the broth so
weak and thin,
With never a bit of bread
therein,
Made for the children, quite
a score—
Perhaps one less, perhaps one
more—
Who worried the dame with-
out a name,
WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.

This is the bed within the
shoe,
That the children got in, two
by two,
Urged by the stick so long
and thick,
That followed the broth so
weak and thin,
With never a bit of bread
therein,
Made for the children, quite
a score—



Perhaps one less, perhaps
one more—

Who worried the dame with-
out a name,

WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.

And this is the end of a tale
that is true,

Of a wonderful bed in a
wonderful shoe,

That the children got in, two
by two,

Urged by the stick so long
and thick,

That followed the broth so
weak and thin,
With never a bit of bread
therein,
Made for the children, quite
a score—
Perhaps one less, perhaps
one more—
Who worried the dame with-
out a name,
WHO LIVED IN THE SHOE.



FAIRY'S FRIENDS.
These are some of FAIRY'S
FRIENDS.



This is little Miss Bo-Peep,
She who often lost her sheep,
Went home weeping sore,
and found

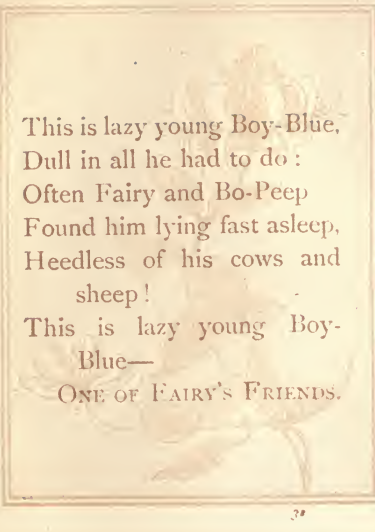
All her flock there safe and
sound!

This is little Miss Bo-Peep—
ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.





This is Jack, and this is Jill,
Who went forth their pail to
fill,
And came tumbling down
the hill!
Fairy says they do it still,
This strange couple—Jack
and Jill—
AND THEY'RE FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

A faint, light-colored illustration in the background of the page. It depicts a young boy sitting on the ground, leaning back on his hands, with a sheep standing nearby. The scene is rendered in a soft, sketchy style.

This is lazy young Boy-Blue,
Dull in all he had to do :
Often Fairy and Bo-Peep
Found him lying fast asleep,
Heedless of his cows and
sheep !

This is lazy young Boy-
Blue—

ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.





This is wonderful Dame
Hubbard—

Name that always rhymes
with cupboard—

Ever going out to buy
Something for her dog so sly,
Who would oft her patience
try!

This is wonderful Dame
Hubbard—

ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

This is Master Simple
Simon :

Every day he meets a pie-
man ;

Every day, so runs the tale,
He will try to catch a whale,
Fishing in his mother's pail !

This is Master Simple
Simon —

ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.





This is Puss-in-
Boots, so
clever,
In all dangers
ready ever,
In his labours
failing never :
Puss-in-Boots, who has a name
Noted on the rolls of Fame !
This is Puss-in-Boots, so
clever—

ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.





This is Giant-killing Jack,
With his bugle on his back,
With his sword so keen and
 bright,
Ready ever foes to smite !
This is Giant-killing Jack—
 ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

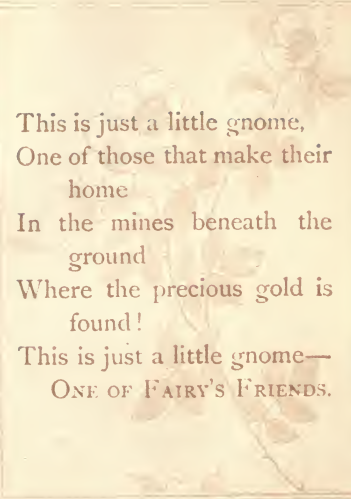
This, too, is that other Jack—
He who, fearless of attack,
Dared the magic stalk to
climb,

Facing giants many a time!
This is Master Bean-stalk
Jack—

ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.







This is just a little gnome,
One of those that make their
home

In the mines beneath the
ground

Where the precious gold is
found!

This is just a little gnome—
ONE OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.




This is Master Johnnie
Horner,

Sitting crying in a corner ;
Many stop and ask him why,
And to all he makes reply,
“ ’Cause no plums are in the
pie ! ”

This is selfish Johnnie
Horner—

WORST OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.





This is Cinderella sweet,
With her slippers on her feet:
Cinderella at the ball,
Cinderella loved by all!
This is Cinderella sweet—
BEST OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

This is where the story ends
Of Miss Fairy's many friends :
Others—fairies, gnomes, and
elves—

You can think of for your-
selves !

This is where the story ends
OF FAIRY'S FRIENDS.

PEACE AND WAR.

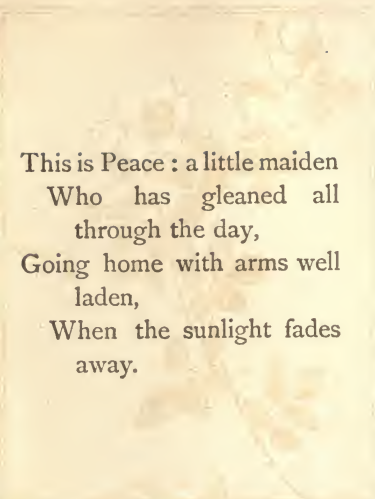
Fairy, when she was not
dreaming,

Fairy, when she was not
scheming

Wondrous tales of gnome
and elf,

Oft drew pictures for herself,
Fanciful as they could be :

Two are here for you to see.




This is Peace : a little maiden
Who has gleaned all
through the day,
Going home with arms well
laden,
When the sunlight fades
away.





This is War : a baby brother
Threatened by a wasp that
stings,
Getting ready soon to smother
That fierce yellow thing
with wings.



FAIRY'S DREAM.

Fairy fell asleep one day
With her album in her
hand,
And she dreamt she lost her
way
On the edge of Fairyland.

There she met a little man,
Quaintly dressed, with cap
and bells ;



“Read,” he said, “Miss, if
you can,
All the words the sign-
post tells.

“Though your album you
may fill
With our portraits, under-
stand
Hundreds more await you
still
Here in wondrous Fairy-
land.”







